

INTIMATIONS

CHRONICLE AND DIRECTORY.
LIBRATIONS:—has been received until
 FRIDAY, the 31st January.
 "DAILY PRESS" Office,
 Hongkong, 2nd January, 1882.
HONGKONG CITY HALL.
 ST. ANDREW'S HALL,
 On MONDAY,
 the 31st January, at 2 P.M.
 Under the Patronage and in the presence of
 His Excellency Sir JOHN PEARCE and LADY
 HENNESSY.
GRAND INSTRUMENTAL AND VOCAL
 CONCERT
 (the only one) given by
 Mlle. CLARA DUROIN,
 Pianiste of Moscow (Lisapic Academy)
 kindly assisted by the German Liedertafel,
 Mr. BENNELL, of Canton,
 And
 Two Gentlemen Amateurs (Song and Violin).

STIKINWAT INGO GRAND,
kindly lent by the Members of the German
Liaisonette.

ADMISSION,
Reserved Seats only 2.00
Plan may be seen
and Tickets be had at Messrs. KRUEN & Co.
Hongkong, 4th January, 1882. [83]

FOR SWATOW.

THE Steamship
"CHINA,"
Capt. H. SCHOR, will be dispatched for the
above Port TO-MORROW, the 5th inst., at 4
P.M.

For Freight or Passage, apply to
KWOK ACHHEON & SONS.
Hongkong, 4th January, 1882. [81]

FOR AMOY.

THE Steamship
"ESMERALDA,"
Capt. TALBOT, will be dispatched for the above
Port SATURDAY, the 7th inst., at noon.

Hongkong, 3rd January, 1882. [79]
OCEAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
FOR YOKOJAMA.
 (Taking Cargo and Passengers at through rates,
 for CHERO, NEWCHOWANG, TIENTSIN, HANKOW,
 and Ports on the YANGTZE).
THE Company's Steamship

Captain Kidd, will be despatched at 4 P.M.
TO-MORROW, the 5th January, 1882.
By J. H. FRITCH, Agent.
HUTTENBERG & SWIRE, Agents.
Hongkong, 4th January, 1882. [293]

OCEAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

CONSIGNEES, per Company's Steamer
"AZAK".

are hereby notified that the Cargo is being dis-
charged into Grats, & loaded at the Order of the
Undersigned, in both cases it will lie at
Consignee's Risk. The Cargo will be ready for
Delivery at 10 A.M. on Wednesday and after the
3rd January, 1882.

Goods undelivered after the 4th January,
1882, will be subject to Rent.

BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE, Agents.
Hongkong, 4th January, 1882. [301]

FROM CALCUTTA, PENANG AND
SINGAPORE.

Little Steamship

"ARRIVATION: APCAR."

Captain A. B. MACFARLAIN.

The above steamer having arrived, Consignees of Cargo here are hereby requested to send in their Bills of Lading to the undersigned for counter-signature and to take immediate delivery of their Goods from on board.

Cargo impeding the discharge or remaining on board after the 10th instant will be landed and stored at Consignee's risk and expense and no Fire Insurance will be effected.

Consignees are hereby informed, that any claims must be made immediately, as none will be entertained after the 15th instant.

DAVID SASSOPON, SOHNS & Co.,
Agents.

[Sd]

Hongkong, 4th January, 1881.

K E L L Y AND WALSH

Have on hand a large General Assortment of
ACCOUNT BOOKS,

of various bindings, thickness and quality of paper which may be supplied at any required pattern at a few shillings notice.

JUST RECEIVED.

About 1000 Numbers of the

SEA-SIDE AND FRANKLIN SQUARE ESTIMATOR,

embracing the latest Popular Novels and Standard Works in General Literature.

NOW READY,
 Price 50 Cents.
 Complete Libretto, giving Dialogue, Songs
 and Stage Directions of the,
"PIRATES OF PENZANCE."
 Also
 A few Copies only of,
THE COMPLETE OPERA,
WORDS AND MUSIC.
KELLY & WALSH, HONGKONG. 124
HONGKONG PUBLIC SCHOOL.
THE duties of the above, School will be re-
 sumed on **MONDAY, 9th instant, at 9 to**
9.15 a.m.
Boarders who are required, are to come and
 apply to the Head Master, St. Paul's College.
 All fees will be collected by the Treasurer,
 Hongkong, 3rd January, 1882. 157
T. ALGAR & COMPANY,
 HOUSE AND ESTATE AGENTS,
 RESIDENT CALCUTTA.
 BROWN, JONES & CO.,
 UNDERTAKERS,
 MOUNTING STATIONERY, &c.,
 MORTALITY'S DIRECTOR,
 6 QUEEN'S ROAD EAST. 129
 Dear Sir, - In answer to your letter of the
 18th of last month, the Schooner "BEA"
 landed her 554 tons of Welsh Coal. See Sur-
 veyor's Report.
 (Copy.)
 To R. Lowe, Esq.,
 Pagoda Anchorage.

The Undersigned has this day, at the request
 of Captain WATT, of the British Schooner
 "BETA," surveyed the remainder of Coal on
 board of the two hundred Tons, and does now
 report as follows, viz.:—
 That the said remainder of Coal on board is
 in a w. d. sound, and dry condition and above the
 general average of Coal that has come under my
 supervision.
 (Signed) J. C. SAUNDERS,
 Marine Surveyor
 For Lloyd's Agent and Local Insurance
 Office, Road Survey For \$16. J. C. S. 1205

EXTRACTS.

THE RUINED PALACE.
Broken are the Palace windows,
Rattling is the Palace door,
The drumming of the wind is heard,
And the creaking of the door.
But it is only the wind that blows,
From the porch on a mournful throne,
And the bat that was gnawing the lamp strings,
A Queen once played upon.

Does your finger hang at midnight
Alone, when the wind is about,
And the bat and the mouse and the riper
And the creaking things come out?
Behold of those ghastly chambers,
Search not what my heart hath been,
Lost you find a phantom sitting
Where once there was a Queen.

OVER MERRITT.

ROYALTY AND PORRIDGE.

The memoirs of Queen Anne's son, the Duke of Gloucester, who died in his eleventh year, a work first published in 1879, and which has just been reprinted by Mr. W. J. Ellis, acquaints us with the fact that his Royal Highness always had milk porridge for breakfast. Upon this a critic remarks that Dr. Johnson might not have denounced porridge so strongly had he known that it was eaten by the son of the Queen who "touched" him for scrofula. "When it was stated," says the same writer, "that the Duke of Gloucester was partly reared on porridge, my milk, this is attributed to Dr. Johnson's harshness. It is not, however, collected that such fare had been served in royal palaces for upwards of a century."

A DEATH-BED SCENE.

Of all the stories about Mollie Smith Barnard, her experience in an hospital is surely the most remarkable. The tragedy was, it is said, a purpose of dramatic study to see how people who were on the point of death. She was taken to the bedside of a girl who was not expected to live for more than a few minutes. Now, it is needless to say the actress is not exactly the picture of sunny health. Dressed in black, with a long pale face, which I am too grateful to allude to, the lady might give a fright to a man of ordinary nerves if he met her only in a family place. It is not surprising that to the poor creature whose soul was just leaving her body this apparition of her bedside was appalling. "Ah! I know you," she cried; "you are the angel of death; you came the other day to take away one of my neighbours; but I am too young—I will not die. Began, terrible speech!" And then in a paroxysm of grief she fainted. The actress fainted away at the foot of the bed. It was a dramatic tableau she could not have conceived in her wildest dreams.—*London Correspondent.*

THE WANDERING TRIBES OF IRELAND.

A correspondent of the Times writes:—According to a rough calculation I have made, I find there were last week moving about Northumbria nearly 100 vans, shovels, and tumbledown filled carts, without mentioning the gipsy waggons squatting about the lanes, in each of which there will be an average of over four poor children and three men and women, including to boot, regardless of other such, or fewer. But the worst of these wandering tribes or sects of beggars can read and write, and they possess but vague ideas of God and a future state. They go to no place of worship and the children go to school. There were living in three of the vans and broken-down carts out of 25 in Darenty market-place, Wexford, 21 children and 100 men, women, and children in England living in this wretched state, with still increasing numbers; and what are the children, being trained for? To contemplate the answer causes a shudder to creep over one. It is time that all temporary and movable habitations were brought under sanitary supervision, and the children living therein under the school-master and receive a free education.

A HAPPY HIT.

There is an ex-actor singer in this city who is rapidly making a fortune selling oranges. He has a very pleasant, agreeable voice, but he never got higher on the stage than a second-rate actor. At last the "happy hit" struck him that although he had a good voice it spoiled in the coming up, and that he could do better by bawling in the street than by "acting" on the stage. So he purchased a cart of bananas and oranges, and an old plow, and a dilapidated wagon, and went into the "H. Bala" business wholesale. The first time he sang "Mappari," in front of a No. 11 Hill mansion, to the words "Who wants to buy oranges, so sweet," he sold two dollars worth of our fruit, and then fortune commenced to smile on him. His name is Signor Bala. Mangarini. He is a Sicilian, or words to that effect, and in a brief interview this week he said that he had got the science down to such a point that only last Monday he sold \$17 worth of bananas on "The Last Days of Summer," besides 50 to 53 water melons on the "Heart of the South." "You'll remember Me!" brings the largest sale of green apples, and one customer who bought a box of apples, strength of that woe days he will never forget them. We commenced the idea to the horse of fifth-rate opera singers who infest San Francisco and gorge maccaroni in side-street restaurants, as the only means by which they can legitimately raise enough money to get out of our city.—*San Francisco Magazine.*

CHARLES DICKENS AND OLD ROGERS.

An intimate friend of Dickens, who writes anonymously, but whom it is not difficult to identify, contributes to the November number of the *Gleaner's Magazine* some pleasant recollections of the private life of the great novelist. Those who attended the reading of Dickens will recall Justice Starbuck—the strangely obtuse and old-like expression, and the slow, husky croak with which the words were projected. It seems that the portrait was derived from Dr. Moore's recollections of Rogers, the poet of Monks. The old man would relate his cut-and-dried tales always in the same fashion, and "go on," like a wheezy machine, and on the slightest interruption. Occasionally Dickens would go and dine with him, and he described the scene as pitifully grotesque, a faithful man-servant cheerfully serving to the master the old stories which they knew by heart. Thus:—"Till Mr. Dickens, sir, the story of the Hon. Charles Townshend and the beautiful Miss Gorton." The old poet would start in a most Gregorian tone, and in curious old-fashioned phrases—"The Hon. Charles Townshend was once employed of Miss Gorton. She was beautiful. He married her maid to conceal him in her chamber, and when she arrived to dress for a ball emerged from his hiding-place. She looked at him fixedly, then said, 'Why don't you begin?' She took him for the hairdresser." This in print has not much effect; but with the face that was supplied, twisted strangely, and the mournful, unchanging voice, it became a hilarious farce of a high order.—*Literary Notes in Daily Mail.*

CUMBERLAND.

The land of the Cymry, as we still call the north-western county of England, has had a history that is more or less obscure. It is a very old name, and it is said that it started by being a Welsh territory, thereupon probably few people ever in Cumberland itself, who knew that it formed for a whole century an integral part of the Kingdom of Scotland. Indeed, its early annals are so full of a little confused, and it is only by piecing together scraps of evidence from many ancient sources that we can succeed in producing a fairly consistent picture of the county. It must be taken in part at least as only conjecture. From the Roman days onward, an important town has always existed at Carlisle, the natural capital of the mountainous peninsula between the Cumbria and the Solway. After the Roman days, the Romans left the island, we know that during the period of the early English settlements, a great Celtic kingdom, known as *Roged*, occupied the whole western coast from the Clyde to the Mersey, and in this kingdom Cumberland was of course included. The struggle with the heathen Teutonic invaders, everywhere far before than most people suppose, bore its fiercest and most successful fruits in the mountain fastnesses of the north. Union of *Roged* besieged Thasdrick (grand successor of Ebor, the first Northumbrian king) in his own royal wooden fort of Bamborough; and long after, Cadwallan, a great Celtic king, bore rule for a year in York city—the only Welshman, so far as we know, who ever subdued an English kingdom. Indeed, the first two centuries of English colonization in Britain it was still doubtful whether the Englishman or the Briton was finally to secure the political supremacy over the whole island.

In the end, however, the aggressive Teutons slowly made his way westward. Even before the coronation of Northumbria, the pagan king, who had been the conqueror of the Celtic, and by his victory at Chester had cut off the Welsh of Cumbria from their brethren of Cumbria—the two words are but misspelled variants of the same Celtic root—thus breaking the British power into two weakened and divided halves. South Lancashire henceforth passed as part of the Celtic kingdom of Strathclyde, and the Celtic of Northumbria town down to the days of Edward the Elder. From the time of Athelstan onward, the Britons of *Roged* were known to their English neighbours as the Strathclyde Welsh, or Welsh of Strathclyde; and their whole kingdom thus took its later name from the strath or valley of the Clyde, which formed its northern and richest portion, though it extended southward over the wild moorlands at least as far as Morvenne Bay, and possibly even to the mouth of the Ribbles. Gradually, however, Annandale and Westmorland had fallen into the hands of the English, while the Welsh were confined to the larger Cumberland—that is to say, the modern county so called; together with Strathclyde proper and Ayrshire. The outlying peninsulas of Galloway still remained in the hands of its old Gaelic inhabitants, the *Nidri* Picts.

In the best days of the Northumbrian kingdom, the Welsh of Strathclyde and Cumbria were forced to acknowledge the supremacy of their English neighbours under Eborick. Carlisle was erected into an English bishopric, and bestowed upon the holy St. Cuthbert of Lindisfarne, the English apostle of the North. At the same time another Northumbrian Bishop was placed over the Sea of the Southern Picts at Whithorn, in Galloway. But shortly after, Eborick died in battle against the Northern Picts of the Highlands, and Northumbria sank into its long decadence of internal anarchy. Both its Celtic dependencies, Gaelic Galloway and the Picts of the Highlands, and even more as the date of the Danish invasions, we hardly hear again of Strathclyde, even by way of incidental mention. But during the course of that great heathen catenary, all the hostile principalities of Britain, divided from one another by blood and language, began to feel that the tie of their common Christianity, the necessities of their common civilization, and the need of common systems of defence, overrode all their minor differences before the face of the desolating pagan pirates. The overlordship of the ambitious West Saxon kings became a bond of union between the whole Christian population of the island. We hear in the first days of the regular Scandinavian invasions that Halldan's Danish host in Northumbria, on his return from the Picts, the Strathclyde Welsh. When Edward the Elder, Alfred's son, began the systematic recovery of the north he took especial pains everywhere to conciliate the Welsh race; and when once the pirates carried off a Bishop of St. David's, the Celtic West Saxon monarch the Celtic profits out of his own royal bounty. This policy, indeed, produced its due result. Howel and Idwal, kings of Wales proper, and their sons, Edward and Rhys, acknowledged his suzerainty; we should now say, a little later, after his advance on Bala, the king of the Strathclyde Welsh followed their example. For some time from this period onward, Strathclyde and Cumbria became tributary principalities of the growing West Saxon empire.

A few years ago, to the distant portion of Cumbria history—the portion most beset by those questions of nationality which have always kept alive a smouldering antagonism between Scotch and English historical writers. What becomes of the native Strathclyde Welsh it is hard to say; but certainly at some time during the Scandinavian invasions, possibly in the reign of Athelstan, a large body of Northumbrians (not Danes) fled from the whole of the Lake District. Perhaps they evaded the native Welsh; perhaps they killed them off; at any rate, the local nomenclature of the county, as Mr. Isaac Taylor has pointed out, is now almost more largely Norse than it is Celtic. The *Widdals*, *fells*, *fellows*, and *thorpes* everywhere abound, while the memory of *Mytel*, *Mal*, *Omny*, and *Gile* no longer lives. The blackbirds have settled in Blackwell Island; and English robins are now occasionally to be seen and heard on Long Island, as well as a few *Mytel*. As America gets so many of our unfledged birds, who do not sing, or sing only after the manner of screech-owls or birds of prey, it is some pity that we should send them a few of our own kind; and that we should send them with very good reason. The native Strathclyde Welsh will very soon be forgotten. As America gets so many of our unfledged birds, who do not sing, or sing only after the manner of screech-owls or birds of prey, it is some pity that we should send them a few of our own kind; and that we should send them with very good reason. The native Strathclyde Welsh will very soon be forgotten. As America gets so many of our unfledged birds, who do not sing, or sing only after the manner of screech-owls or birds of prey, it is some pity that we should send them a few of our own kind; and that we should send them with very good reason. The native Strathclyde Welsh will very soon be forgotten. 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